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ABSTRACT

Intended for students taking the Grade 12 Examination in English 30 in Alberta, Canada, this reading test (to be administered along with a questions booklet) includes the following 10 short selections taken from fiction, nonfiction, poetry, and drama: "Parents as People (with Children)" (Ellen Goodman); "Everybody Knows about the Arctic" (Jim Green); an excerpt from "The Red Dress" (Alice Munro); an excerpt from "Henry VIII, Act III, Scene ii" (William Shakespeare); an excerpt from "A Streetcar Named Desire, Scene ii" (Tennessee Williams); "The Sun Here" (Walter Bauer); an excerpt from "We Have the Awful Knowledge to Make Exact Copies of Human Beings" (Willard Gaylin); "The Tally Stick" (Jarold Ramsey); "Mayhew" (W. Somerset Maugham); and "On Seeing" (Annie Dillard). (JD)

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GRADE 12 DIPLOMA EXAMINATION
ENGLISH 30

PART B: Reading (Multiple Choice)

READINGS BOOKLET

GENERAL INSTRUCTIONS

Part B of the English 30 Diploma Examination has 10 reading selections in the Readings Booklet and 80 questions in the Questions Booklet.

BE SURE THAT YOU HAVE AN ENGLISH 30 READINGS BOOKLET AND AN ENGLISH 30 QUESTIONS BOOKLET.

YOU WILL HAVE 2 HOURS TO COMPLETE THIS EXAMINATION.

You may **NOT** use a dictionary, thesaurus, or other reference materials.

Alberta
Education

JANUARY 1987

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CS 210 355

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I. Read "Parents as People (with Children)" and answer questions 1 to 9 from your Questions Booklet.

PARENTS AS PEOPLE (WITH CHILDREN)

I once owned a record with a song on it that began simply, "Parents are people, people with children . . ." If I can find it again, I'll send it right along to John Silber, the president of Boston University, for his collection.

You see, it was Silber who told the parents of 3,000 incoming freshmen last week that they'd better not go back to being people just yet. The man said in no uncertain terms: "Every one of our students deserves a parent who is not going through an identity crisis. It is time that America faces up to the implications of having too many people aged forty and aged fifty asking questions that they should have answered when they were seventeen to twenty-five, namely, 'Who am I and what ought I to do?' "

No, the president wasn't going to let them off the hook just yet. "When you send your youngsters to the university, I hope that you will at least pass a four-year moratorium on that question . . . and stick with whatever it is you are doing until your son or daughter graduates."

His message to the parents of 400,000 college freshmen in America is a succinct one: Four More Years.

Now, don't misunderstand me. In the best of all possible worlds, I would assign two totally fulfilled, completed and contented adults to each child. It would be, as they say, swell. Not only do I think that every student deserves a parent who "isn't going through an identity crisis," but I also think that every parent deserves a student who isn't going through an identity crisis.

However, life being what it is, we are stuck with each other. The notion of telling parents to hang in there on the old straight-and-narrow for the sake of children who are now pushing twenty, or twenty-two, is just a touch strange.

Silber seems to think that an identity crisis is something you should have — if at all — before you are twenty-five. Once you've had it, you never have to worry about getting it again — sort of like the measles. You are supposed to find out once and for all "who you are" and "what you ought to do" — and then go out and do it and be it until, presumably, you drop dead.

If you forget to have your identity crisis at the proper time, however, you're out of luck. It's just like the time you missed long division because you were out sick.

In real life, the problem with parents-who-are-people is that they (gasp!) change. Now this is a situation which, admittedly, their children would often like to arrest. But it's inevitable for all but the dreariest, most self-satisfied of grown-ups who go through life in a plastic capsule, protected from the infections of the world around them.

They would also have to be protected from children because, ironically, it's children who are the most powerful catalysts of change in their parents' lives. They arrive with a crisis — "Who am I - a me or a mommy?" — and they leave us with one — "What do I do with the rest of my life?" (Indeed, if Silber would like to prevent midlife crises, perhaps he should send the kids home - with their $3,850 in tuition, if you please.)

By the end of our time as parents, most of us are ready to move on. Adolescence becomes an endurance contest and the most devoted parents — the

Continued

sort who never miss a 6:00 A.M. hockey practice — are hanging on for dear life as their children casually say things like, "You're not going out looking like that, are you, Dad?"

At that point, the parents who have spent the last several years "postponing" don't see an empty nest ahead, but a full life. Suddenly they can drive their own car, work their own hours . . . They can change houses or roles, they can eat in peace or silence or both. They have gobs of time — including the time for an identity crisis.

The only people who avoid risk, who never face a crisis or two, are those who stop changing. They postpone their own lives — four more years here, four more years there — until they don't have them. They are the parents who never were, and never become, their own people.

And, by the way, you know who's the first to criticize the sacrificial parent? The first to pull away? You guessed it. The children.

Ellen Goodman

II. Read "Everybody Knows about the Arctic" and answer questions 10 to 15 from your Questions Booklet.

EVERYBODY KNOWS ABOUT THE ARCTIC

There's the tundra,
the sea and the islands;
northern lights
caribou and permafrost.
There's igloos, kayaks,
harpoons, seal oil lamps
and raw meat.

The history is simple enough;
first the explorers, whalers,
fur traders, preachers,
then police, prospectors,
bush pilots, teachers.

Nobody knows much about the arctic.

What most know is from books.
Many writers tell it
from one quick plane ride
to lots of different places
or at best a long stay
in only one spot.
So nobody knows much.

When we sit down to dinner
with a thought to pray
we may start out with grace,
to end it we'll say

"and may God keep us safe
from foul weather
and Farley Mowat"[1]

nobody knows that much.

Jim Green

[1]Farley Mowat — a Canadian writer who has written many works about the North

III. Read the excerpt from "The Red Dress" and answer questions 16 to 25 from your Questions Booklet.

from THE RED DRESS

The narrator is a 15-year-old girl at her first school dance. Because she has not been asked to dance, she has escaped to the cleaning-supply closet with an acquaintance, Mary Fortune. They are smoking.

We talked about teachers, and things at school. She said she wanted to be a physical education teacher and she would have to go to college for that, but her parents did not have enough money. She said she planned to work her own way through, she wanted to be independent anyway, she would work in the cafeteria and in the summer she would do farm work, like picking tobacco. Listening to her, I felt the acute phase of my unhappiness passing. Here was someone who had suffered the same defeat as I had — I saw that — but she was full of energy and self-respect. She had thought of other things to do. She would pick tobacco.

We stayed there talking and smoking during the long pause in the music, when, outside, they were having doughnuts and coffee. When the music started again Mary said, "Look, do we have to hang around here any longer? Let's get our coats and go. We can go down to Lee's and have a hot chocolate and talk in comfort, why not?"

We felt our way across the janitor's room, carrying ashes and cigarette butts in our hands. In the closet, we stopped and listened to make sure there was nobody in the washroom. We came back into the light and threw the ashes into the toilet. We had to go out and cut across the dance-floor to the cloak-room, which was beside the outside door.

A dance was just beginning. "Go round the edge of the floor," Mary said. "Nobody'll notice us."

I followed her. I didn't look at anybody. I didn't look for Lonnie. Lonnie was probably not going to be my friend any more, not as much as before anyway. She was what Mary would call boy-crazy.

I found that I was not so frightened, now that I had made up my mind to leave the dance behind. I was not waiting for anybody to choose me. I had my own plans. I did not have to smile or make signs for luck. It did not matter to me. I was on my way to have a hot chocolate, with my friend.

A boy said something to me. He was in my way. I thought he must be telling me that I had dropped something or that I couldn't go that way or that the cloakroom was locked. I didn't understand that he was asking me to dance until he said it over again. It was Raymond Bolting from our class, whom I had never talked to in my life. He thought I meant yes. He put his hand on my waist and almost without meaning to, I began to dance.

We moved to the middle of the floor. I was dancing. My legs had forgotten to tremble and my hands to sweat. I was dancing with a boy who had asked me. Nobody told him to, he didn't have to, he just asked me. Was it possible, could I believe it, was there nothing the matter with me after all?

I thought that I ought to tell him there was a mistake, that I was just leaving, I was going to have a hot chocolate with my girl friend. But I did not say anything. My face was making certain delicate adjustments, achieving with no effort at all the grave absent-minded look of those who were chosen, those who danced. This

Continued

was the face that Mary Fortune saw, when she looked out of the cloakroom door, her scarf already around her head. I made a weak waving motion with the hand that lay on the boy's shoulder, indicating that I apologized, that I didn't know what had happened and also that it was no use waiting for me. Then I turned my head away, and when I looked again she was gone.

Raymond Bolting took me home and Harold Simons took Lonnie home. We all walked together as far as Lonnie's corner. The boys were having an argument about a hockey game, which Lonnie and I could not follow. Then we separated into couples and Raymond continued with me the conversation he had been having with Harold. He did not seem to notice that he was now talking to me instead. Once or twice I said, "Well I don't know I didn't see that game," but after a while I decided just to say "H'm hmm," and that seemed to be all that was necessary.

One other thing he said was, "I didn't realize you lived such a long ways out." And he sniffled. The cold was making my nose run a little too, and I worked my fingers through the candy wrappers in my coat pocket until I found a shabby Kleenex. I didn't know whether I ought to offer it to him or not, but he sniffled so loudly that I finally said, "I just have this one Kleenex, it probably isn't even clean, it probably has ink on it. But if I was to tear it in half we'd each have something."

"Thanks," he said. "I sure could use it."

It was a good thing, I thought, that I had done that, for at my gate, when I said, "Well, good night," and after he said, "Oh, yeah. Good night," he leaned towards me and kissed me, briefly, with the air of one who knew his job when he saw it, on the corner of my mouth. Then he turned back to town, never knowing he had been my rescuer, that he had brought me from Mary Fortune's territory into the ordinary world.

I went around the house to the back door, thinking, I have been to a dance and a boy has walked me home and kissed me. It was all true. My life was possible. I went past the kitchen window and I saw my mother. She was sitting with her feet on the open oven door, drinking tea out of a cup without a saucer. She was just sitting and waiting for me to come home and tell her everything that had happened. And I would not do it, I never would. But when I saw the waiting kitchen, and my mother in her faded, fuzzy Paisley kimono, with her sleepy but doggedly expectant face, I understood what a mysterious and oppressive obligation I had, to be happy, and how I had almost failed it, and would be likely to fail it, every time, and she would not know.

Alice Munro

IV. Read the excerpt from *Henry VIII*, Act III, Scene ii and answer questions 26 to 33 from your Questions Booklet.

from HENRY VIII, Act III, Scene ii

Thomas Wolsey had been chaplain at the court of Henry VII. Under the patronage of Henry VIII, Wolsey's rise was rapid. He became chancellor and cardinal in the same year, 1515, thus holding the highest offices in both church and state that any subject could hold in England.

CHARACTERS

Cardinal Wolsey
Cromwell – aide to Wolsey

WOLSEY: Go, get thee from me, Cromwell!
I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master. Seek the King!
That sun, I pray, may never set! I have told him
What and how true thou art. He will advance thee;
Some little memory of me will stir him —
I know his noble nature — not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too. Good Cromwell,
Neglect him not; make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.
CROMWELL: O my lord,
Must I, then, leave you? Must I needs forgo
So good, so noble, and so true a master?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.
The King shall have my service; but my prayers
For ever and for ever shall be yours.
WOLSEY: Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes; and thus far hear me, Cromwell,
And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble where no mention
Of me more must be heard of, say, I taught thee;
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition!
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?

Continued

Love thyself last. Cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not.
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr! Serve the King!
And, prithee, lead me in.
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 'tis the King's. My robe,
And my integrity to Heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell!
Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, He would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

CROMWELL: Good sir, have patience.

WOLSEY: So I have. Farewell
The hopes of court! My hopes in heaven do dwell.

(Exeunt)

William Shakespeare

V. Read the excerpt from *A Streetcar Named Desire*, Scene ii and answer questions 34 to 43 from your Questions Booklet.

from A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE, Scene ii

It is six o'clock in the evening. BLANCHE, STELLA*'s sister, is a visitor at the home of* STELLA *and her husband* STANLEY *in New Orleans.*

(STANLEY *enters the kitchen from outside, leaving the door open on the perpetual 'blue piano' music around the corner.*)

STANLEY: What's all this monkey doings?
STELLA: Oh, Stan! (*She jumps up and kisses him which he accepts with lordly composure.*) I'm taking Blanche to Galatoires' for supper and then to a show, because it's your poker night.
STANLEY: How about my supper, huh? I'm not going to no Galatoires' for supper!
STELLA: I put you a cold plate on ice.
STANLEY: Well, isn't that just dandy!
STELLA: I'm going to try to keep Blanche out till the party breaks up because I don't know how she would take it. . . .
STANLEY: Where is she?
STELLA: She's soaking in a hot tub to quiet her nerves. She's terribly upset.
STANLEY: Over what?
STELLA: She's been through such an ordeal.
STANLEY: Yeah?
STELLA: Stan, we've — lost Belle Reve!
STANLEY: The place in the country?
STELLA: Yes.
STANLEY: How?
STELLA (*vaguely*): Oh, it had to be — sacrificed or something. (*There is a pause while* STANLEY *considers.*) . . . Try to understand her and be nice to her, Stan. . . . She wasn't expecting to find us in such a small place. You see I'd tried to gloss things over a little in my letters. . . .
STANLEY: Yeah. I get the idea. Now let's skip back a little to where you said the country place was disposed of. . . .
STELLA: It's best not to talk much about it until she's calmed down.
STANLEY: So that's the deal, huh? Sister Blanche cannot be annoyed with business details right now! . . . Now let's have a gander at the bill of sale.
STELLA: I haven't seen any.
STANLEY: She didn't show you no papers, no deed of sale or nothing like that, huh?
STELLA: It seems like it wasn't sold.
STANLEY: Well, what in hell was it then, give away? To charity?
STELLA: Shhh! She'll hear you.
STANLEY: I don't care if she hears me. Let's see the papers!
STELLA: There weren't any papers, she didn't show any papers . . .
STANLEY: Have you ever heard of the Napoleonic code? . . . In the state of Louisiana we have the Napoleonic code according to which what belongs to the wife belongs to the husband and vice versa. . . . It looks to me like you have been swindled, baby, and when you're swindled under the Napoleonic

Continued

code I'm swindled *too*. And I don't like to be *swindled*.

STELLA: . . . You don't know how ridiculous you are being when you suggest that my sister or I or anyone of our family could have perpetrated a swindle on anyone else.

STANLEY: Then where's the money if the place was sold?

STELLA: Not sold — *lost, lost!* (*He stalks into the bedroom, and she follows him.*) *Stanley!* (*He pulls open the wardrobe trunk standing in the middle of the room and jerks out an armful of dresses.*)

STANLEY: Open your eyes to this stuff! You think she got them out of a teacher's pay?

STELLA: Hush!

STANLEY: Look at these feathers and furs that she come here to preen herself in! What's this here? . . . Fox-pieces! . . . Genuine fox fur-pieces . . .

STELLA: Those are inexpensive summer furs that Blanche has had a long time.

STANLEY: . . . I'm willing to bet you there's thousands of dollars invested in this stuff here!

STELLA: Don't be such an idiot, Stanley! (*He hurls the furs to the daybed. . . .*) Now close that trunk before she comes out of the bathroom! (*He kicks the trunk partly closed and sits on the kitchen table . . . .* STELLA *goes out on the porch.* BLANCHE *comes out of the bathroom in a red satin robe.*)

BLANCHE (*airily*): Hello, Stanley! Here I am, all freshly bathed and scented, and feeling like a brand-new human being! (*He lights a cigarette.*)

STANLEY: That's good.

BLANCHE (*drawing the curtains at the windows*): Excuse me while I slip on my pretty new dress!!

STANLEY: Go right ahead, Blanche. (*She closes the drapes between the rooms. . . . She slips into her dress and then returns to Stanley.*)

BLANCHE: May I have a drag on your cig?

STANLEY: Have one for yourself.

BLANCHE: Why, thanks! . . . It looks like my trunk has exploded.

STANLEY: Me an' Stella were helping you unpack.

BLANCHE: Well, you certainly did a fast and thorough job of it!

STANLEY: It looks like you raided some stylish shops in Paris.

BLANCHE: Ha-ha! Yes — clothes are my passion!

STANLEY: What does it cost for a string of fur-pieces like that?

BLANCHE: Why, those were a tribute from an admirer of mine!

STANLEY: He must have had a lot of — admiration!

BLANCHE: Oh, in my youth I excited some admiration. But look at me now! (*She smiles at him radiantly.*) Would you think it possible that I was once considered to be — attractive?

STANLEY: Your looks are okay.

BLANCHE: I was fishing for a compliment, Stanley.

STANLEY: I don't go in for that stuff.

BLANCHE: What — stuff?

STANLEY: Compliments to women about their looks. I never met a woman that didn't know if she was good looking or not without being told, and some of them give themselves credit for more than they've got. . . .

Continued

BLANCHE: I cannot imagine any witch of a woman casting a spell over you.
STANLEY: That's — right.
BLANCHE: You're simple, straightforward and honest, a little bit on the primitive side I should think. To interest you a woman would have to — (*She pauses with an indefinite gesture.*)
STANLEY (*slowly*): Lay . . . her cards on the table.
BLANCHE (*smiling*): Yes — yes — cards on the table. . . . Well, life is too full of evasions and ambiguities, I think. I like an artist who paints in strong, bold colours, primary colours. I don't like pinks and creams and I never cared for wish-washy people. That was why, when you walked in here last night, I said to myself — 'My sister has married a man!' — Of course that was all that I could tell about you.
STANLEY (*booming*): Now let's cut the re-bop! . . . Where's the papers?
BLANCHE: Papers? . . .
STANLEY: I'm talking of legal papers. Connected with the plantation.
BLANCHE: There *were* some papers.
STANLEY: You mean they're no longer existing?
BLANCHE: They probably are, somewhere.
STANLEY: But not in the trunk.
BLANCHE: Everything that I own is in that trunk.
STANLEY: Then why don't we have a look for them? (*He crosses to the trunk, shoves it roughly open, and begins to open compartments.*)
BLANCHE: What in the name of heaven are you thinking of! What's in the back of that little boy's mind of yours? That I am absconding with something, attempting some kind of treachery on my sister? — Let me do that! It will be faster and simpler. . . . (*She crosses to the trunk and takes out a box.*) I keep my papers mostly in this tin box. (*She opens it. . . . She sits down with the strong box and puts on a pair of glasses and goes methodically through a large stack of papers.*) Ambler & Ambler. Hmmmmmm. . . . Crabtree. . . . More Ambler & Ambler.
STANLEY: What is Ambler & Ambler?
BLANCHE: A firm that made loans on the place.
STANLEY: Then it *was* lost on a mortgage?
BLANCHE: (*touching her forehead*): That must've been what happened. . . . (*picking up a large envelope containing more papers*) There are thousands of papers, stretching back over hundreds of years, affecting Belle Reve as, piece by piece, our improvident grandfathers and father and uncles and brothers [lost] the land. . . . (*She removes her glasses with an exhausted laugh.*) Till finally all that was left — and Stella can verify that! — was the house itself and about twenty acres of ground, including a graveyard, to which now all but Stella and I have retreated. (*She pours the contents of the envelope on the table.*) Here all of them are, all papers! I hereby endow you with them! Take them, peruse them — commit them to memory, even! I think it's wonderfully fitting that Belle Reve should finally be this bunch of old papers in your big, capable hands! . . . (*She leans back and closes her eyes. . . .*)
STANLEY (*becoming somewhat sheepish*): You see, under the Napoleonic code — a man has to take an interest in his wife's affairs . . . (BLANCHE *gets up and crosses to the outside door.* STELLA *appears around the corner with a carton from the drug-store.*
STANLEY *goes into the bedroom with the envelope and the box. . . .* BLANCHE *meets* STELLA *at the foot of the steps to the sidewalk. . . . She embraces*

Continued

her sister. STELLA *returns the embrace with a convulsive sob. . . .*)

BLANCHE (*speaking softly*): Everything is all right; we thrashed it out. I feel a bit shaky, but I think I handled it nicely. I laughed and treated it all as a joke, called him a little boy and laughed — and flirted! Yes — I was flirting with your husband, Stella! (STEVE *and* PABLO *appear carrying a case of beer.*) The guests are gathering for the poker party. (*The two men pass between them, and with a short, curious stare at* BLANCHE, *they enter the house.*)

STELLA: I'm sorry he did that to you.

BLANCHE: He's just not the sort that goes for jasmine perfume! But maybe he's what we need to mix with our blood now that we've lost Belle Reve and have to go on without Belle Reve to protect us. . . . How pretty the sky is! I ought to go there on a rocket that never comes down. (*A Tamale Vendor calls out as he rounds the corner.*)

VENDOR: Red hots! Red hots! (BLANCHE *utters a sharp, frightened cry and shrinks away; then she laughs breathlessly again.*)

BLANCHE: Which way do we — go now — Stella?

VENDOR: Re-e-d ho-o-ot!

BLANCHE: The blind are — leading the blind! (*They disappear around the corner,* BLANCHE*'s desperate laughter ringing out once more. Then there is a bellowing laugh from the interior of the flat. Then the 'blue piano' and the hot trumpet sound louder.*)

Tennessee Williams

VI. Read "The Sun Here" and answer questions 44 to 51 from your Questions Booklet.

THE SUN HERE

The sun here must be a different sun
From the one under which I used to live.
The sun here has seen forests and rivers,
The long crawl of primeval ages,
And then the slow invasion of the stillness by voices —
Not the end of cities burning to ashes like useless toys,
Not the flames in which history becomes tinder,
Not the imprisonment of whole nations,
Not the long treks of undesirables staggering into limbo,
Not the camps like stains no acid can ever remove.
The sun here has seen nothing, nothing at all.

The sun here must be a different sun
From the one under which I could live no longer.
The sun here has heard the cry of eagles
And the patient whispering of ice ages,
The sound of axes, the triumphant whistle of trains —
Not the thunder of Last Judgments returning night after night,
Not the moaning of nations forced to their knees,
Not the sound of shots, or of sighs.
Not the cry for freedom,
The sun here has heard nothing, nothing at all.
The sun here never turned black, never went into hiding, never knew shame.

Strange sun
Under which I walk like someone waking from an illness that lasted too long,
Like someone who has dreamt black dreams for too long and feels
He can rid himself of them.
He wants to be rid of them, wants to be like those
Who've always lived under this sun.
But the dreams come back, every night, after the sun has gone down,
A sun without depth, without shame, without guilt, without shadows.

Walter Bauer

VII. Read the excerpt from "We Have The Awful Knowledge to Make Exact Copies of Human Beings" and answer questions 52 to 60 from your Questions Booklet.

from WE HAVE THE AWFUL KNOWLEDGE TO MAKE EXACT COPIES OF HUMAN BEINGS

The Frankenstein[1] myth has a viability that transcends its original intentions and a relevance beyond its original time. The image of the frightened scientist, guilt-ridden over his own creations, ceased to be theoretical with the explosion of the first atomic bomb. The revulsion of some of the young, idealistic men who were involved in the actual making of the bomb, or in the theoretical work that led to it, had a demonstrable influence in the scientific community from the nineteen-fifties forward. Some biological scientists, now wary and forewarned, are trying to consider the ethical, social and political implications of their research before its use makes any contemplation merely an expiating exercise. They are even starting to ask whether some research ought to be done at all. With the serious introduction of questions of "ought," ethics has been introduced – and is beginning to shake some of the traditional illusions of a "science above morality," or a "value-free science."

Of course, in 1818 when Mary Shelley first created her story, the scientific domination of society was just beginning. The idea of one human being fabricating another was purely metaphorical. The process was presumed to be impossible, a grotesque exaggeration which cast in the form of a Gothic tale the author's philosophical concern about man's constant reaching for new knowledge and control over the forces of nature (the traditional Greek anxiety about hubris[2]). It was, to use her words, "a ghost story," a fantasy to frame a poetic truth. But the inconceivable has become conceivable.

The issue which seemed most worrisome to biologist J.D. Watson, and in his opinion called for a campaign to inform the world's citizens so that they might take part in planning possible control measures, was the cloning of human beings. Cloning is the production of genetically identical copies of an individual organism. Just as one can take hundreds of cuttings from a specific plant (indeed, the word *klon* is the Greek word for "twig" or "slip"), each of which can then develop into a mature plant — genetic replicas of the parent – it is now possible to clone animals. The possibility of human cloning seems to produce in non-scientists more titillation than terror or awe – perhaps because it is usually visualized as "a garden of Raquel Welches,"[3] blooming by the hundred. . . .

What would be the value of cloning? The most immediate answer comes from the field of animal husbandry. With animals, we have been dependent on the chance fusion of chromosomes from a champion race horse or a prize steer with those of their respective mates. Cloning would give us the option of making 10,000 identical copies of the champion race horse. Of course, that might raise the question of why we would then bother racing horses at all!

This technique would also permit us to manipulate the massive genetic multiples involved in breeding the best cattle possible for meat. It would, however, stop the evolutionary process, for it is precisely the random combination and recombination

Continued

[1]Frankenstein — in a fictional work by Mary Shelley, Frankenstein is a doctor who creates a monster

[2]hubris — arrogance, overbearing pride which leads to a fall

[3]Raquel Welch — attractive movie star

of genes from one parent and another that produce not only lesser creatures than the parents but superior creatures, and thus permit the continuing expansion and enrichment of the gene pool itself. Cloning could also be used to augment the number of members of an endangered species to that critical level necessary for group survival.

Would there be legitimate uses for human cloning? Certainly the general speculation about multiple Mozarts, basketball teams composed of five Kareem Abdul-Jabbars (four more on the bench?) or any army of super-soldiers who are identical in every respect, with replaceable parts available for convenient transplants in case of injury, are insufficient to motivate scientific research.

Who will determine what should be done and what should not? What controls should there be? How do we balance private rights and the general good? On what basis will we allocate decisions to either personal conscience or public policy?

Are there processes which, once started, will bring irreversible changes so slight as to not be significant in one generation — but may bring major changes to successive generations?

And if we do attempt human cloning, what will we do with the "debris," the discarded messes along the line? What will we do with those pieces and parts, near-successes and almost-persons? . . . At what arbitrary point will the damaged "goods" become damaged "children," requiring nurture rather than disposal? The more successful one became at this kind of experimentation, the more horrifyingly close to human would be the failures. The whole thing seems beyond contemplation for ethical and esthetic, as well as scientific, reasons.

When Mary Shelley conceived Dr. Frankenstein, science was all promise. The technological age existed only in the excitement of anticipation, and there was leisure to philosophize. Man was ascending, and the only terror was that in his rise he would offend God by assuming too much and reaching too high, by coming too close. The scientist was the new Prometheus.[4]

By the end of the nineteenth century, technology had surpassed even its own expectations. Man was too arrogant to recognize arrogance. . . . There was nothing that technology would not eventually solve. The whole of history seemed to be contrived to serve the purposes and glorify the name of Homo sapiens.

It seems grossly unfair that so short a time as the last twenty-five years should have produced so precipitous a fall. But then, the way down the mountain has traditionally been faster than the way up. Man has been handed the bill, and he is not sure he has enough assets to pay up. We have destroyed much of our environment, exhausted much of our resources and have manufactured weapons of total destruction without sufficiently secure control mechanisms. The biological revolution may offer relief or hasten total failure. Unfortunately, things now move faster, and we are less sure of how to even recognize success or failure.

But technology has elevated man — and there is no going back. "Natural man" is the cooperative creation of nature and man. Anti-technology is self-hatred.

The tragic irony is not that Mary Shelley's "fantasy" once again has a relevance. The tragedy is that it is no longer a fantasy — and that in its realization we no longer identify with Dr. Frankenstein but with his monster.

Willard Gaylin

[4]Prometheus — the Greek god who was punished for defying the gods and giving fire to mankind

VIII. Read "The Tally Stick" and answer questions 61 to 66 from your Questions Booklet.

THE TALLY STICK

Here from the start, from our first of days, look:
I have carved our lives in secret on this stick
of mountain mahogany the length of your arms
outstretched, the wood clear red, so hard and rare.
It is time to touch and handle what we know we share.

Near the butt, this intricate notch where the grains
converge and join: it is our wedding.
I can read it through with a thumb and tell you now
who danced, who made up the songs, who meant us joy.
These little arrowheads along the grain,
they are the births of our children. See,
they make a kind of design with these heavy crosses,
the deaths of our parents, the loss of friends.

Over it all as it goes, of course, I
have chiseled Events, History — random
hashmarks cut against the swirling grain.
See, here is the Year the World Went Wrong,
we thought, and here the days the Great Men fell.
The lengthening runes[1] of our lives run through it all.

See, our tally stick is whittled nearly end to end;
delicate as scrimshaw,[2] it would not bear you up.
Regrets have polished it, hand over hand.
Yet let us take it up, and as our fingers
like children leading on a trail cry back
our unforgotten wonders, sign after sign,
we will talk softly as of ordinary matters,
and in one another's blameless eyes go blind.

Jarold Ramsey

[1]runes — magical or mysterious marks
[2]scrimshaw — decoration and carving of shells, bone, ivory, etc. done especially by sailors on long voyages

IX. Read "Mayhew" and answer questions 67 to 74 from your Questions Booklet.

MAYHEW

The lives of most men are determined by their environment. They accept the circumstances amid which fate has thrown them not only with resignation but even with good will. They are like streetcars running contentedly on their rails and they despise the sprightly flivver[1] that dashes in and out of the traffic and speeds so jauntily across the open country. I respect them; they are good citizens, good husbands, and good fathers, and of course somebody has to pay the taxes; but I do not find them exciting. I am fascinated by the men, few enough in all conscience, who take life in their own hands and seem to mould it to their own liking. It may be that we have no such thing as free will, but at all events we have the illusion of it. At a cross-road it does seem to us that we might go either to the right or the left and, the choice once made, it is difficult to see that the whole course of the world's history obliged us to take the turning we did.

I never met a more interesting man than Mayhew. He was a lawyer in Detroit. He was an able and a successful one. By the time he was thirty-five he had a large and a lucrative practice, he had amassed a competence, and he stood on the threshold of a distinguished career. He had an acute brain, an attractive personality, and uprightness. There was no reason why he should not become, financially or politically, a power in the land. One evening he was sitting in his club with a group of friends and they were perhaps a little worse (or the better) for liquor. One of them had recently come from Italy and he told them of a house he had seen at Capri, a house on the hill, overlooking the Bay of Naples, with a large and shady garden. He described to them the beauty of the most beautiful island in the Mediterranean.

"It sounds fine," said Mayhew. "Is that house for sale?"

"Everything is for sale in Italy."

"Let's send 'em a cable and make an offer for it."

"What in heaven's name would you do with a house in Capri?"

"Live in it," said Mayhew.

He sent for a cable form, wrote it out, and dispatched it. In a few hours the reply came back. The offer was accepted.

Mayhew was no hypocrite and he made no secret of the fact that he would never have done so wild a thing if he had been sober, but when he was he did not regret it. He was neither an impulsive nor an emotional man, but a very honest and sincere one. He would never have continued from bravado in a course that he had come to the conclusion was unwise. He made up his mind to do exactly as he had said. He did not care for wealth and he had enough money on which to live in Italy. He thought he could do more with life than spend it on composing the trivial quarrels of unimportant people. He had no definite plan. He merely wanted to get away from a life that had given him all it had to offer. I suppose his friends thought him crazy; some must have done all they could to dissuade him. He arranged his affairs, packed up his furniture, and started.

Capri is a gaunt rock of austere outline, bathed in a deep blue sea; but its vineyards, green and smiling, give it a soft and easy grace. It is friendly, remote,

Continued

[1]flivver — a small, old, inexpensive car

and debonair. I find it strange that Mayhew should have settled on this lovely island, for I never knew a man more insensible to beauty. I do not know what he sought there: happiness, freedom, or merely leisure; I know what he found. In this place which appeals so extravagantly to the senses he lived a life entirely of the spirit. For the island is rich with historic associations and over it broods always the enigmatic memory of Tiberius the Emperor. From his windows which overlooked the Bay of Naples, with the noble shape of Vesuvius changing colour with the changing light, Mayhew saw a hundred places that recalled the Romans and the Greeks. The past began to haunt him. All that he saw for the first time, for he had never been abroad before, excited his fancy; and in his soul stirred the creative imagination. He was a man of energy. Presently he made up his mind to write a history. For some time he looked about for a subject, and at last decided on the second century of the Roman Empire. It was little known and it seemed to him to offer problems analogous with those of our own day.

He began to collect books and soon he had an immense library. His legal training had taught him to read quickly. He settled down to work. At first he had been accustomed to foregather in the evening with the painters, writers, and suchlike who met in the little tavern near the Piazza, but presently he withdrew himself, for his absorption in his studies became more pressing. He had been accustomed to bathe in that bland sea and to take long walks among the pleasant vineyards, but little by little, grudging the time, he ceased to do so. He worked harder than he had ever worked in Detroit. He would start at noon and work all through the night till the whistle of the steamer that goes every morning from Capri to Naples told him that it was five o'clock and time to go to bed. His subject opened out before him, vaster and more significant, and he imagined a work that would put him for ever beside the great historians of the past. As the years went by he was to be found seldom in the ways of men. He could be tempted to come out of his house only by a game of chess or the chance of an argument. He loved to set his brain against another's. He was widely read now, not only in history, but in philosophy and science; and he was a skilful controversialist, quick, logical, and incisive. But he had good-humour and kindliness; though he took a very human pleasure in victory, he did not exult in it to your mortification.

When first he came to the island he was a big, brawny fellow, with thick black hair and a black beard, of a powerful physique; but gradually his skin became pale and waxy; he grew thin and frail. It was an odd contradiction in the most logical of men that, though a convinced and impetuous materialist, he despised the body; he looked upon it as a vile instrument which he could force to do the spirit's bidding. Neither illness nor lassitude prevented him from going on with his work. For fourteen years he toiled unremittingly. He made thousands and thousands of notes. He sorted and classified them. He had his subject at his finger ends, and at last was ready to begin. He sat down to write. He died.

The body that he, the materialist, had treated so contumeliously[2] took its revenge on him.

That vast accumulation of knowledge is lost for ever. Vain was that ambition,

Continued

surely not an ignoble one, to set his name beside those of Gibbon and Mommsen. His memory is treasured in the hearts of a few friends, fewer, alas! as the years
90 pass on, and to the world he is unknown in death as he was in life.

And yet to me his life was a success. The pattern is good and complete. He did what he wanted, and he died when his goal was in sight and never knew the bitterness of an end achieved.

W. Somerset Maugham

[2]contumeliously — with contempt

X. Read the essay "On Seeing" and answer questions 75 to 80 from your Questions Booklet.

ON SEEING

When I was six or seven years old, growing up in Pittsburgh, I used to take a precious penny of my own and hide it for someone else to find. It was a curious compulsion; sadly, I've never been seized by it since. For some reason I always "hid" the penny along the same stretch of sidewalk up the street. I would cradle it at the roots of a sycamore, say, or in a hole left by a chipped-off piece of sidewalk. Then I would take a piece of chalk, and, starting at either end of the block, draw huge arrows leading up to the penny from both directions. After I learned to write I labeled the arrows: SURPRISE AHEAD or MONEY THIS WAY. I was greatly excited, during all this arrow-drawing, at the thought of the first lucky passer-by who would receive in this way, regardless of merit, a free gift from the universe. But I never lurked about. I would go straight home and not give the matter another thought, until, some months later, I would be gripped again by the impulse to hide another penny.

It is still the first week in January, and I've got great plans. I've been thinking about seeing. There are lots of things to see, unwrapped gifts and free surprises. The world is fairly studded and strewn with pennies cast broadside from a generous hand. But — and this is the point — who gets excited by a mere penny? If you follow one arrow, if you crouch motionless on a bank to watch a tremulous ripple thrill on the water and are rewarded by the sight of a muskrat kit paddling from its den, will you count that sight a chip of copper only, and go your rueful way? It is dire poverty indeed when a man is so malnourished and fatigued that he won't stoop to pick up a penny. But if you cultivate a healthy poverty and simplicity, so that finding a penny will literally make your day, then, since the world is in fact planted in pennies, you have with your poverty bought a lifetime of days. It is that simple. What you see is what you get.

I used to be able to see flying insects in the air. I'd look ahead and see, not the row of hemlocks across the road, but the air in front of it. My eyes would focus along that column of air, picking out flying insects. But I lost interest, I guess, for I dropped the habit. Now I can see birds. Probably some people can look at the grass at their feet and discover all the crawling creatures. I would like to know grasses and sedges — and care. Then my least journey into the world would be a field trip, a series of happy recognitions. Thoreau, in an expansive mood, exulted, "What a rich book might be made about buds, including, perhaps, sprouts!" It would be nice to think so.

Unfortunately, nature is very much a now-you-see-it, now-you-don't affair. A fish flashes, then dissolves in the water before my eyes like so much salt. Deer apparently ascend bodily into heaven; the brightest oriole fades into leaves. . . .

For a week last September migrating red-winged blackbirds were feeding heavily down by the creek at the back of the house. One day I went out to investigate the racket; I walked up to a tree, an Osage orange, and a hundred birds flew away. They simply materialized out of the tree. I saw a tree, then a whisk of color, then a tree again. I walked closer and another hundred blackbirds took flight. Not a branch, not a twig budged: the birds were apparently weightless as well as invisible. Or, it was as if the leaves of the Osage orange had been freed from a spell in the form of red-winged blackbirds; they flew from the tree,

Continued

caught my eye in the sky, and vanished. When I looked again at the tree the leaves had reassembled as if nothing had happened. Finally I walked directly to the trunk of the tree and a final hundred, the real diehards, appeared, spread, and vanished. How could so many hide in the tree without my seeing them? The Osage orange, unruffled, looked just as it had looked from the house, when three hundred red-winged blackbirds cried from its crown. I looked downstream where they flew, and they were gone. Searching, I couldn't spot one. I wandered downstream to force them to play their hand, but they'd crossed the creek and scattered. One show to a customer. These appearances catch at my throat; they are the free gifts, the bright coppers at the roots of trees.

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Annie Dillard

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